

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ARMY PFC MEGAN ADELMAN-TENNY

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, next week, on Saturday, July 23, people of all ages will gather for a special 5K race in Alliance, OH. This race will benefit the Megan Adelman-Tenny Foundation, which was set up in memory of Army PFC Megan Adelman-Tenny, who was killed in an airborne training accident on January 25, 2005, when her parachute failed to open. She was 19 years old.

This foundation will award an annual scholarship to a high school student who has participated in cross-country, has lettered in the sport, and who possesses the same attributes that made Megan such a special person. I rise today to pay tribute to Megan and to celebrate those attributes—her zest for life, her zeal for organization, and her unmatched competitiveness.

According to her mother Melissa, Megan grew up as a “tomboyish” girl. She was always outside, riding her bike or rollerblading. She never backed down from her older siblings and twin-brother, Matt. She was always speaking her mind and asserting her will. Her sister, Tina, describes her as “energetic and full of life. She was a kick-butt girl. She took no prisoners. She didn’t let anything hold her back.”

Indeed, Megan was someone who lived her life to the fullest. At Alliance High School, Megan played the violin, sang in the choir, and ran on the cross-country team. Starting her sophomore year, Megan also worked part-time at McDonald’s. Her involvement in all these activities left her just enough time to spend with her junior high and high school sweetheart—the love of her life—Joshua Tenny.

As a testament to Megan’s penchant for living in the moment, she and Joshua eloped on December 22, 2004. Her older brother, Marcus, remembers the surprising elopement:

I picked Megan and Joshua up, and we were driving to the Best Buy store in Canton, and Megan told me they needed to make a stop first because they wanted to get married. So, we went to the municipal building in Canton. They filled out all the paperwork for their marriage license and were getting excited. . . . It was spur-of-the-moment, but they wanted to get married and be together.

While Megan lived her life as it came to her, she was also the type of person who made plans, set goals, and did her best to fulfill them.

As a member of the cross-country team, Megan took responsibility for packing the medical bag, organizing meets, and taking care of her twin-brother. According to their mom, Megan acted as another mother to

Matt. She cooked for him, cleaned his room, and packed his cross-country bag before meets.

In addition to being exceptionally organized, Megan was also a fierce competitor. In junior high school, she faced the choice between two sports: basketball and cross-country. Megan decided to join the cross-country team, an individual sport in which the athletes must compete with other runners, as well as their own bodies.

Megan excelled. She was a fantastic runner, qualifying for the State meet three times. She was a leader on her team and inspired others to do their best. Her track coach, Al Eibel, remembers Megan as a hard worker who never complained. During the 2002 season, Megan was clipped by a car mirror while on a practice road-run. Though she didn’t break it, her arm was badly bruised and swollen. Even though she could barely move her arm, Megan competed a few days later. Coach Eibel recalls Megan’s perseverance:

I know she was in pain, but she didn’t say a word. She ran, and by districts, she was fine. Everyone knew we’d always be able to count on Megan.

Upon graduating from high school, Megan knew that it wasn’t the right time for her to go to college. She didn’t feel particularly drawn to it and, with two siblings already attending Ohio University, Megan knew it would be a financial hardship for her family. Instead of college, Megan made a plan to serve 4 years in the Army, with her husband Joshua, and then start a family. She reserved a place for college at a later time, if she felt inclined to go.

Her mother remembers Megan’s decision to join the Army:

She thought about it and came to the conclusion she was going to do it. And, she went in and did it with gusto.

Megan completed advanced individual specialty training in human resources and was part of the 82nd Airborne at Fort Bragg, NC. Megan’s organizational skills and attention to detail allowed her to breeze through basic training. At one point, she even mentioned to her mother that she might want to become a drill sergeant. Her mother said:

Well, you’re bossy and you’re organized—I don’t see what would keep you from doing it.

It didn’t surprise anyone when Megan was the strongest woman and fastest person in her basic training unit. She earned the nickname “Speedy Gonzales” from others in her unit because of her running ability. Megan was not someone who held back when it came to competition and she never backed down from anyone or anything.

Her brother, Marcus, remembers Megan crying during boot-camp, not because it was difficult, but because she felt others were not taking it as seriously as she was. That’s just the type of person Megan was. She was passionate about the things and the people she cared about.

Marcus talked to his sister after she had completed her first training jump

with the 82nd Airborne. Megan, who was always something of a daredevil, had “loved the jump.” She told her brothers and sister that they would have to try sky diving with her. Megan was also extremely excited about her next jump and her career in the Army. Frankly, Megan was just excited about life.

Any person who devotes a large part of their time and effort to competitive running has probably seen the movie “Chariots of Fire.” In the film, one of the characters asks the question: “[W]here does the power come from to see the race to its end?” The answer to this question is, “From within.”

Megan Adelman-Tenny had that power, that passion, that drive from within, which allowed her to accomplish anything she set her mind to. She was someone who, like any good runner, took things step by step, while also keeping the finish line in sight.

On July 23, many people will run and walk 5 kilometers in memory of Megan. And, with each step taken, they honor her life.

As I think about Megan’s short, but full life, I am reminded of a very familiar passage from the Bible, a passage from St. Paul’s second letter to Timothy, in which St. Paul said:

[T]he time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight. I have finished the course. I have kept the faith.

There is no question, Megan Adelman-Tenny fought the good fight. She finished the course. She kept the faith. Megan was truly a wonderful young woman, whom we will never forget.

My wife, Fran, and I continue to keep Megan’s husband, Joshua, her parents, Mark and Melissa, her sister Tina, and brothers Marcus and Matt in our thoughts and in our prayers.

MARINE CORPORAL RICHARD GILBERT, JR.

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Marine Cpl Richard Gilbert, Jr., from Dayton, OH, who gave his life in the defense of freedom on January 26, 2005. Richard lost his life in a helicopter accident near the town of Rutba, Iraq. Thirty-one service members lost their lives in this tragic accident.

Having just completed major operations in Fallujah, Richard and his unit were on their way to help secure Iraq for the upcoming elections. They sacrificed their lives standing up for freedom and standing against terror and tyranny. Like his comrades who perished with him, Richard Gilbert gave his body, will, and soul to his country and for his country. For that I wish to honor him this evening.

Richard Gilbert was born on May 12, 1978. He was a caring boy, who loved animals and being outdoors. He hated when people cried. His mother, Helen, recalls that if Richard saw anyone around him crying, he would go over to them, throw one of his small arms

around their shoulders, and tell them it was "ok."

As Richard grew up, he made friends, played Little League, and followed his favorite sports teams. He was an avid fan of the University of Dayton Flyers basketball team and The Ohio State University football team. His support of the Buckeye's football team, however, caused a bit of tension in the Gilbert home every year in the late fall. It seems Richard's brother was a Michigan Wolverines fan and according to their mother, when the Wolverines and the Buckeye's squared off, "You didn't even want to be near the house when those boys watched the game!"

When Richard wasn't discussing football with his brother, he was often found discussing something with somebody. He was an incredibly articulate and intelligent young man, able to spout facts about anything from sports to religion to politics. His friends would often call Richard over if they were having a dispute and needed someone with the knowledge to settle it.

Richard also loved music. He was a self-taught guitarist, who composed his own music. According to friends, he loved heavy metal and he was always at peace when composing or playing his guitar.

Of all his interests, however, Richard's greatest love was of politics. After discovering that President Harry Truman was one of his distant cousins, Richard made it his goal to ascend one day to that same office. His passion for politics earned him the nickname "The Governor" from his friends, and his mother jokingly recalls that, "[h]e was a natural-born politician. When you asked him a question, he'd talk for a half-hour and never give you an answer!"

Richard had hopes of running either for Mayor of Dayton or the Dayton City Commission after he returned from Iraq. I remember being at calling hours and talking with people who told me about his aspirations, and how they thought he would be a great politician, a great public servant. He would have been great in either position.

Richard was, like many of our service men and women, deeply affected by the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. Prior to the attacks, he was working on the assembly line at Behr Dayton Thermal Products. He had just purchased a house, not far from his mother. Richard was also studying political science at Sinclair Community College. He had thought about joining the military, but had held back because he didn't want to cut his long hair.

After September 11, however, Richard saw a clear duty to his country and to protecting all of us from future threats. In December 2001, he joined the Marines, where he was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 3rd Marine Regiment, of the 31st Marine Expeditionary Unit based in Hawaii. His lifelong friend, Marine SSgt Lonnie McMurchy, remembers the phone call he got from

Richard. Lonnie tried to talk him out of the Marine infantry, telling Richard that his intelligence would be more valuable in another area that might also be less dangerous, but, according to Lonnie, "He wanted it. He wanted the infantry. He wanted to go fight [and] defend our country."

In joining the Marines, Richard stood up for freedom, leaving behind a good paying job, a new house, and his beloved friends and family. He put his life on hold so that we could safely go on with our own.

Richard served our Nation with a dedication and fervor that was noteworthy even to one of his fellow Marines. According to JJ Holmes, who wrote in an email message on an Internet tribute to Richard:

I served with Gilbert, and we became very good friends, which is saying a lot, because I didn't make many good friends while I was in the Marines. I guess it's because I'm picky about the company I keep. And it doesn't get much better than Gilbert to have as a friend. We had very different religious and political views, yet it never hindered our relationship, because we had a mutual respect for each other.

I know this though, out of all the Marines in our Company, Gilbert never complained once about his duty to his country. I could see every day I spent with him how proud he was to serve. Not to diminish the belief of all the other Marines in their duty, Gilbert shined a little more. His dedication was unwavering. [He was] an example to all Marines. I know without a doubt through our conversations we had sitting on the backs of our packs waiting to move out, that if Gilbert had to go, he wanted to leave us the way he did—fighting for the country he believed in more than anything.

As a child, Richard wrote an essay about his father, Richard Gilbert, Sr., who was a Vietnam veteran. In the essay, Richard described his dad as a hero. Today, Mr. Gilbert says this of his son: "[H]e was my hero, and he was the bravest person I ever met."

This sentiment was echoed by his friend, Lonnie McMurchy: "He was a warrior. He was a son, a brother, an uncle, a friend, and a U.S. Marine. He wanted nothing more and nothing less."

Richard Gilbert wanted our country to be safe from the dangers of terrorism, and he wanted the Iraqi people to be safe and free. He gave everything he had for those things, as they were the things in which he so firmly believed. Richard stood so that freedom could flourish. We will never forget his service and his sacrifice.

My wife, Fran, and I continue to keep his family and friends in our thoughts and in our prayers.

ARMY SERGEANT CHARLES "CHUCK" WEBB

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, this evening I honor the life of Army SGT Charles "Chuck" Webb, from Hamilton, OH. Chuck was a member of Company A, 82nd Engineering Battalion, 1st Infantry, Division, based out of Bamberg, Germany. On November 3, 2004, Ser-

geant Webb was killed near Salman Pak, Iraq, when a roadside bomb detonated. He was 9 days shy of his 23rd birthday.

Days before his death, Chuck had told his squad that he didn't want them in harm's way if he could help it and that he would be taking the lead whenever possible. That was the kind of person Chuck was—always looking out for others, always giving them strength, always keeping them safe.

Chuck was born in San Antonio, TX, on November 12, 1981. He moved with his family to Hamilton when he was in sixth grade. Chuck was an easy going, likable kid. He had a passion for history, especially World War II history. He and his father, Conley, could talk at length on the subject, and Chuck was known for his ability to recall facts and figures from specific battles.

Conley, a veteran of Vietnam and Desert Storm, was also the source of Chuck's interest in the military. Chuck's sister, Teresa, remembers when Chuck was 5 years old, and the family dressed him up in his father's BDU's and gave him a plastic machine gun. They took pictures of Chuck dressed up in his father's uniform in front of a large American flag. Teresa says he looked like a "miniature G.I. Joe."

Chuck was proud of his military heritage, and his family and friends were proud of the person Chuck became. His junior high school principal, Tom Alf, remembers Chuck as "a fine young man—quiet and polite. I remember his smile . . . he always had a smile."

Chuck also always had an eye out for others. His sister, Teresa, remembers a phone call she got from her brother in the dead of winter a few years ago. "Teresa," Chuck said, "I need a huge favor." Apparently, Chuck had been approached by a homeless man asking for money. The man had no coat and instead of money, Chuck gave him the coat off his back. He then struck up a conversation with the man and found out that he was trying to get to the other side of the city to meet his wife and kids. That's when Chuck called his sister to come and pick up his new friend and give him a ride.

"That's just the kind of guy Chucky was," Teresa recalled, "He'd give you the coat off his back if you needed it."

In 2000, Chuck graduated from Hamilton High School. He still had a passion for history and had determined he wanted to become a teacher. Chuck decided to take advantage of the G.I. Bill, while also following in his father's footsteps. Just weeks after graduation, the boy who had once posed as a "miniature G.I. Joe," became the real thing when he enlisted in the Army.

During basic training, Chuck broke his foot. He was also, at this time, set to marry his high school sweetheart, Stephanie. Chuck wanted everything to be perfect on that day and had his tuxedo specially altered so that the cast on his foot would be unobtrusive.